



Thanks! Thanks! Thanks!

We received as much pleasure from the GLORIOUS RECEPTION you gave our FIRST ISSUE, as you did in reading It. Yes it's glorious to know that the magazine gave so many thousands of boys and girls the pleasure and thrill that they were looking for.

FANTASY, each one filled with action and surprise.

The "CAT-MAN" — "BLAZE BAYLOR" — "THE DEACON" — "HURRICANE HARRIGAN" — "DR. DIA-MOND" — "LANCE RAND" — "THE RAG MAN" — "LUCKY LANDERS" — each one a STAR FEATURE, all gathered for your entertainment and prepared by artists happy to serve you and doubly happy in the KNOWLEDGE that OUR MAGAZINE in the best sense is your magazine.

Agrin we THANK you for the thrill you in turn have given us, in the wonderful reception you have given this magazine.

A Magazine of Features

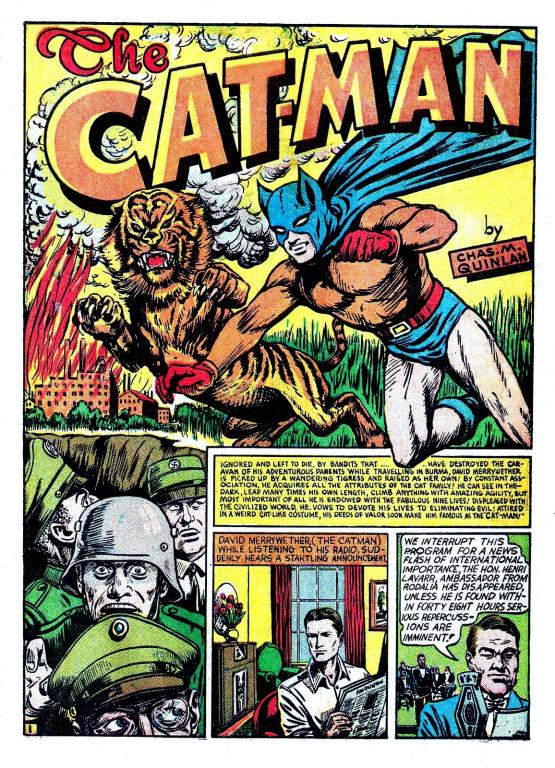
AMAZING . INTERESTING . THRILLING

Fast Action Masterpieces of Adventure
TEN CENTS AT ALL NEWS STANDS TEN CENTS

Ann. 1941

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Proceedings of the U.S.A.













QUICKLY DONNING HIS CATMAN MASK





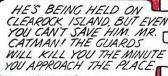














CLEAROCK ISLAND EH AND YOU KNOW WHO I AM. BUT ILL BET YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO WITH YOU, WHILE I FIND OUT TELLINO



PICKING UP THE GUN, HE KEEPS HIS PRISONERS COVERED WHILE HE RIPS THE CORD









REMOVING HIS MASK THE CATMAN LOCKS THE DOORS AND DRIVES SWIFTLY TO THE WATERFRONT!









QUICKLY CHANGING TO HIS CATMAN COSTUME, HE RACES THE SPEEDBOAT STRAIGHT FOR THE ISLAND...











OH 'OH! THE ONLY PLACE

THAT'S NOT GUARDED IS

THAT HIGH CLIFF WALL!

NOW TO LOCK THIS STEER-

AS THE GUARDS NEAREST
THE SHEER WALL OF ROCK
START FIRING! THE CATMAN MAKES A SUDDEN
BACKDIVE OVERBOARD!





AS THE SHARK ATTACKS, THE CAT-MAN GRABS HIM BY THE UPPER AND LOWER JAWS AND ALMOST RIPS THE BIG FISH IN TWO







SUITING
THE ACTION
TO THE WORD,
THE
CATMAN
IMMEDIATELY
STARTS
CLIMBING
THE FACE
OF THE
TREACHEROUS
CLIFF.

BUT A LOOKOUT ON THE SUMMIT, SILENTLY WAITS FOR THE UNSUSPECTING CATMAN.





















THEIR

LEADER
PICKS UP
LAVARR
AND
DASHES
OUTSIDE
IN AN
ATTEMPT
TO
ESCAPE

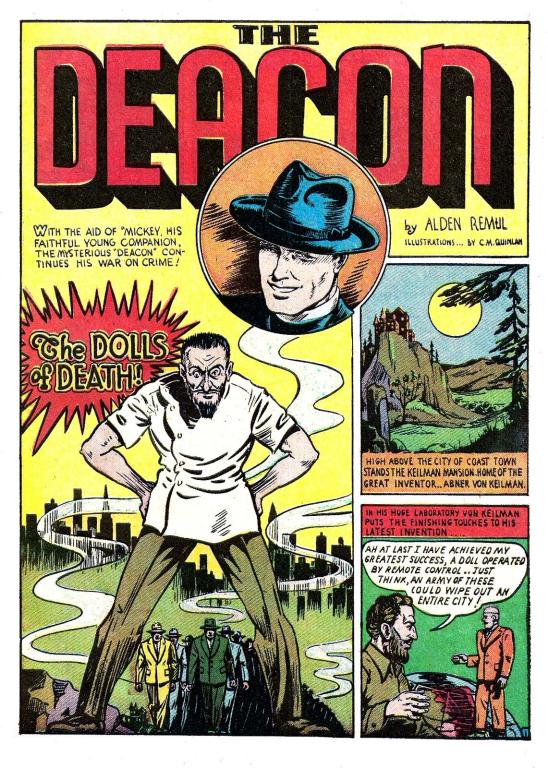


































Swow?

THIS LOOKS

LIKE SOME

THING BIG !

























































THE PHONE CALL IS AUTOMATICALLY RELAYED TO BLATES HOME

IT'S LUCKY I WAS EXPECTING SOMETHING LIKE THIS AND HAD YOU STICK AROUND ALL DAY, EN

CHUCKE





THE HOLT PLANT CHIEF, THERE WAS A SUDDEN EXPLOSION IN THE BASEMENT NOW IT'S GOIN' LINEA GLOWTORCH



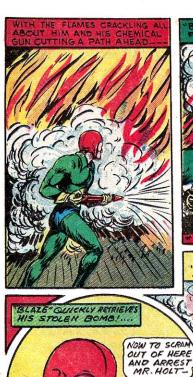
THE HOLT PLANT, EN BLAZE"? HANG ON WE'LL BE THERE IN TWO MINUTES FLAT!

WITHIN TWO MINUTES, AS HE PREDICTED, CHUCK (THE TAXIMAN, FORMER RACING CAR DRIVER AND FIRM FRIEND OF HIS FAVORITE PASSENGER, BLAZE'S BAYLOR) ARRIVES AT THE DISASTER, JUST AS THE SIRENS OF THE FIRE ENGINES BECOME AUDIBLE IN THE DISTANCE!



DRESSED IN HIS SUIT OF IMPERISETIOS HIS GRAPPLE ROPE OVER HIS SHOULDER AND ARMED WITH HIS CHEMICAL GUN BLAZE" LEAPS OUT OF THE CAB AND UNHESITATINGLY DASHES INTO THE ROARING INFERNO!









.... THEN RACES TOWARDS THE EXIT MEANWHILE THE FIRE APPARATUS HAS ARRIVED AND ARE BUSILY FIGHTING THE FLAMES.







SUDDENLY!

WHATS

THATP















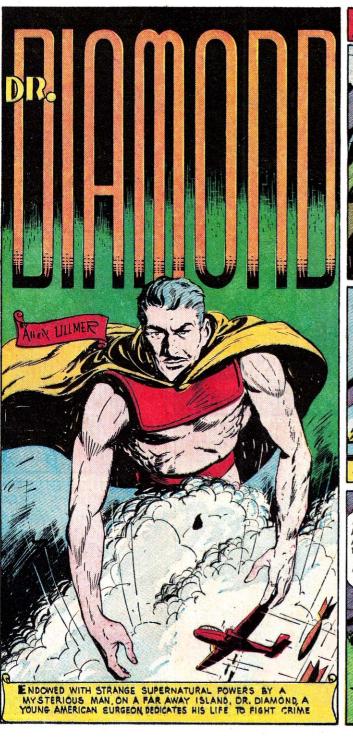


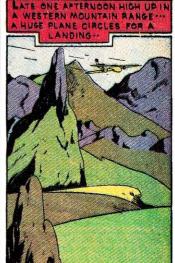


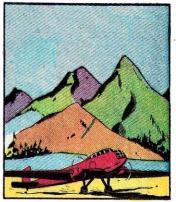
YES CHIEF, IT WAS GARON THAT STOLE
THE BOMB AND HAD IT PLANTED IN
HOLT'S PLACE TO MAKE IT APPEAR AS
THOUGH HOLT WERE GUILTY...IT WOULD
HAVE WORKED TOO, IF HE HADN'T SET
THE BOMB TO FIRE PREMATURELY SO
THAT IT WOULD KILL HIS OWN MAN AND
ELIMINATE ANY PROOF AGAINST HIM!



... BUT "BLAZE" DOESN'T KNOW HOW BIG THIS CASE REALLY IS !... WATCH AND SEE!





















BUT -- BUT -- OH -- OH --







THIS MOUNTAIN RANGE WILL BE OUR HIDEOUT UNTIL WE CAPTURE MEXICO. TONIGHT, WE'LL FLY ACROSS THE BORDER, AND BOMB EVERY CITY AND VILLAGE IN OUR PATH. WE'LL THEN FLY BACK TO THIS MOUNTAIN WHERE NO ONE WILL EVER DREAM OF LOOKING FOR US!



THAT NIGHT FROM THEIR SECRET
LANDING FIELD, THE HUGE BLACK
BOMBERS CLIMBED INTO THE STRATOSPHERE AND NOSED TOWARDS
MEXICO















AS THE BOMBER TAKES OFF FROM THE GROUND DR. DIAMOND LEAPS ONTO THE LANDING GEARS!





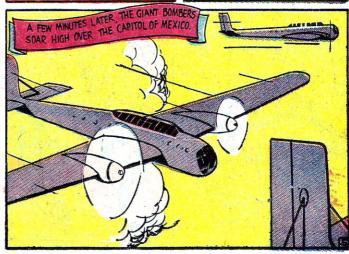






















OUT OF CONTROL THE BOMBER NOSES AND WITH TERRIFIC INTO A DIVE ... SPEED, HEADS DOWN TOWARDS THE OTHER PLANE!

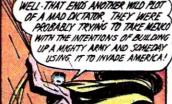


THE OTHER PLANE.



AND BEFORE THE STARTLED INVADERS CAN POLLOW, THE GIANT BOMBERS CRASH!



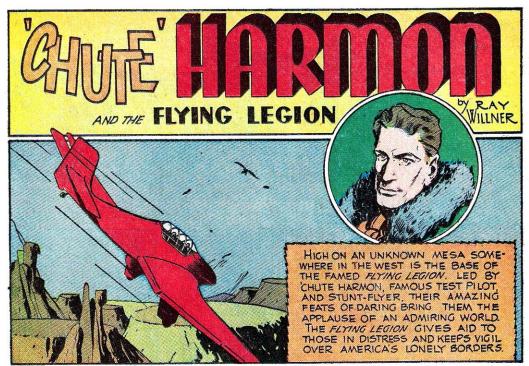




THEIR GREED FOR CONQUEST IS SO POWERFUL THAT THEY NEVER STOP TO REALIZE HOW QUICKLY THEIR MOST WELL LAID PLANS CAN BE SMASHED!



DE DIAMOND ADVENTURE IN EVERY CAT-MAN COMICS



"W G

THAT'S 'CHUTE, ALRIGHT',
"WOLF," LOOK AT THAT BOY
GO! EVERYTIME HE COMES
IN ON ONE OF HIS POWERDIVE LANDINGS, I GET TH
JUMPIN' JITTERS!



HOME AGAIN! I SEE SLIP HAS THE DOORS TO THE UNDERGROUND HANGAR OPEN. I THINK I'LL CUT A CAPER OR TWO JUST TO LET THE BOYS KNOW ITS ME!



...TO BRING YOU THE LATEST NEWS... A SCORE OF LIVES ARE THREATENED IN A FIRE RAGING AROUND THE LITTLE MINING TOWN OF RED CREEK.



THE RADIO CONTROL-ROOM.

EMERGENCY CALL!
COME TO THE RADIO
ROOM AT ONCE!













































THE DOOMED
MINERS AND
THEIR FAMILIES
ARE SAFELY
ABOARD.
AS CHUTE
CLOSES THE
CABIN DOOR,
A WEAK CRY
REACHES HIM...











AFTER CARRYING
THE VICTIM
BACK TO THE
PLANE, CHUTE
DONS HIS STRANGE
FIRE SUIT AND
STALKS
OUT OF SIGHT
INTO THE FIERY
DEATH-TRAP!













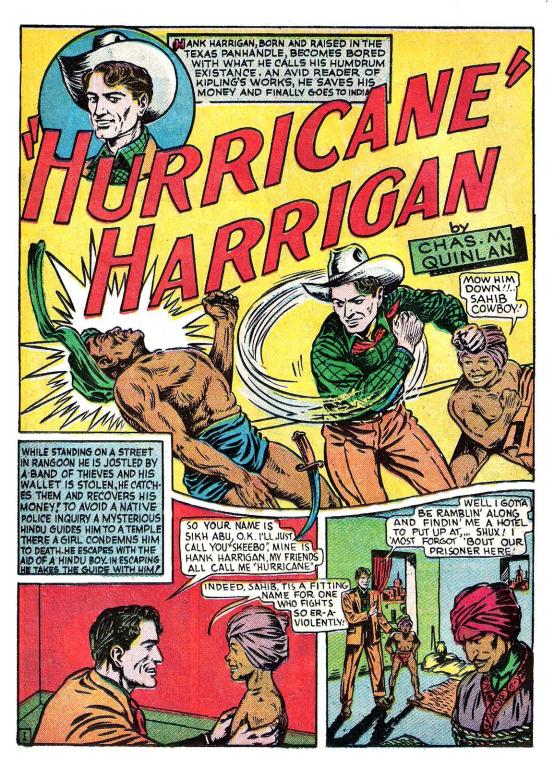


























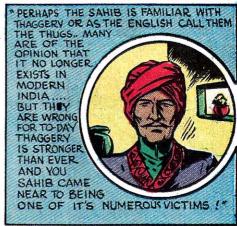
FOR ALL THEIR FIERCENESS AND THE FACT THAT THEY WERE FIGHTING IN DEFENSE OF THEIR HOMES; IT WAS DRIVEN FROM HIS ANCESTRAL HOME BEREFT OF HIS LANDS, HIS POWER TORN FROM HIM AND BARELY ESCAPING-WITH HIS LIFE. THE MAHARAJAH AND WHAT REMAINED OF HIS RETINUE...

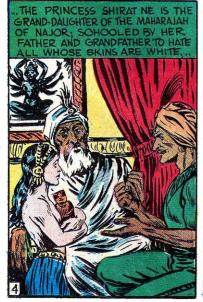














HER LIFE HAS BEEN



EVEN NOW SHE IS READY TO STRIKE!





O.K.PARDNER I'M FOR YOU,WE'LL FIGHT FIRE,WITH FIRE! SKEEBO TAKE ME TO THE DOCK I GOTTA GET A GUN AND A ROPE OUTTA MY SUITCASE...ONLY WAY TO STOP A BOMB FROM EXPLODING IS TO



MEANWHILE AT THE TEMPLE OF SHIRAT.





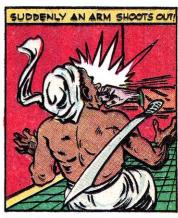






























DVENTURE IN ... CATMAN COMIC



LATE THAT NIGHT A SMALL BOAT GLIDES SILENTLY ACROSS THE WATER... ITS TWO OCCUPANTS TALK IN LOW WHISPERS....













JUST THEENK, TWO MEELION DOLLARS WORTH OF JEWELS EEN THE PAST TWO MONTHS AN' ANOTHER MEELION ON ITS WAY! HA! THESE AMERICAN POLICE - THEY ARE WHAT YOU CALL STUPID - HEH HEH!



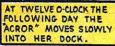
THE FOLLOWING WEEK - AT F. B. I HEADQUARTERS - -

WE'RE POSITIVE THAT JEWELS ARE BEING SMUGGLED IN THIS COUNTRY AND WE'VE GOT TO STOP IT.. THE LINER ACROR DOCUS TOMORROW AT TWELVE O'CLOCH. WE JUST GOT A HOT TIP THAT THER'ES NEARLY A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF



I MAVE A CABLEGRAM HERE FROM LONDON AUTHORITIES STATING THAT A CERTAIN MADAME ROMEA ONETIME NOTORIOUS JEWEL THIEF, IS ON BOARD. I WANT HER LUGGAGE SEARCHED THOROUGHLY, AND DON'T LET A SINGLE THINS SLIP BY!

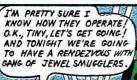






THE PIER IN HIS SLEEK LIMOUSINE THE RACMAN STUDIES THE PASSENGERS ON THE IN-WITH POWER FUL FIELD GLASSES.







SEE A BOAT COME FROM BENEATH ONE OF THESE WHARVES! I LISTEN YES, HERE





OK TIMY. THEY FOUND IT! LET'S GO!

FROM UNDER IT'S DARK HIDING PLACE THE SPEED BOAT SHOOTS ACROSS THE WATER ...



HEY! LOOK, THEY MUST BE COPPERS THEY'RE COIN' TO C'MON, JUMP!



WITH A SICKENING CRASH THE POWER-BOAT THUDS INTO THE SMALL VESSEL



O.K. YOU MUGS, CLIMB ON BOARD! AND DON'T TRY ANYTHING YOU'LL BE SORRY FOR!

















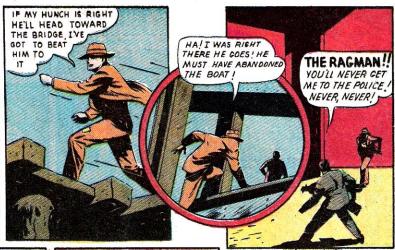
WITH HIS AUTOMATIC WELL-TRAINED ON THE TWO CRIME FIGHTERS, OR DUML SENDS THE BOAT SKIMMING OUT INTO THE RIVER.



YOU TAKE CARE OF THESE TWO GUYS, TINY ! I THINK I KNOW WHERE THEIR BOSS IS HEADING

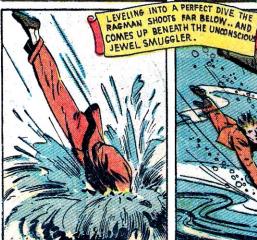
















A FEW MINUTES LATER THE RAGMAN HEADS HIS SPEED BOAT BACK TO LAND



WE'LL TIE THESE GUYS UP.
THE POLICE WILL FIND THEM
IN THE MORNING AND WITH
THESE JEWELS THEY'LL HAVE
ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO
CONVICT THEM |



TT'S TOO BAD DR. DUVAL, THAT
SUCH A FAMOUS SURGEON AS YOU,
WHO COULD BE SAVING LIVES OF
THE SICK AND DYING .. SHOULD
LET THE POWER OF BIG MONEY HALT
YOUR CARFER! IT'S THE SAME OLD
STORY. CRIME CAN REAP BIG PROFITS



ALL WE NEED TO COMPLETE
THIS CASE IS A FINAL
EDITORIAL BY THE GHOST
OF JAY GARSON, JR 1



(IT'S WRITTEN BY JAY GARSON TR.) WE'RE NOT CARRYING HIS COLUMN ANY MORE, HE'S DEAD! WHERED YOU GETTHIS DEMON? IS THIS A TOKE?



DAILY STAR CRIME DOES NOT PAY BY JAY GARSON JR. BY THE TIME THIS PAPER GOES TO PRESS THE POLICE PROBABLY HAVE FOUND THE FAMOUS FRENCH = SURGEON DR. DUVAL BOUND AND GAGGED AND ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO CONVICT HIM OF THE TEWEL SMUGGLING!! THE RAGMAN WHO BROUGHT ABOUT THE CAPTURE OF THESE SMUGGLERS WISHES TO INFORM THE POLICE THAT MADAME ROMEA ALSO A MEMBER OF DUVAL'S GANG COUID PROBABLY BE FOUND FLEEING THE COUNTRY

HOLY SMOKES, CHIEFTHIS THINE'S
OWTHE LEVEL, THE POLICE JUST
FOUND DUVAL WITH AMILION
BUCKS WORTH OF JEWELS, ALL
HE WAS SAYIN' WAS THE...
RAGMAN -- RAGMAN I TELL YOU
CHIEF, THERE'S SOME CONNECTION
BETWEEN THIS RAGMAN AND
GARSON BUT BY JUPITER, I DON'T
KNOW
WHAT
IT IS,





LANCE RAND.. SOLDIER-OF-FORTUNE, AND HIS PAL TUBBY, HAVE BEEN STRAND-ED IN LISBON, PORTUGAL, WHEN THEY ARE ACCOSTED BY WENDALL ROSS, RICH AMERICAN FINANCIER.

AT THE MOMENT THE THE THREE ARE DINING IN A CAFE WHERE ROSS IS TRYING TO INTEREST THE TWO ADVENTURERS IN A PROPOSITION...

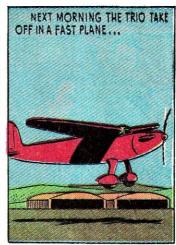




THE ONLY COMMUNICATION I HAVE WITH THE ISLAND IS BY RADIO ONCE A MONTH ... FOR THREE MONTHS NOW I HAVENT HEARD A WORD FROM MY OVER-SEER ... I'M AFRAID SOMETHINGS WRONG ... SINCE THE ISLAND IS OUT OF THE STEAMSHIP LANE, I CAN REACH IT ONLY BY PLANE I'LL NEED HELP, THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN .













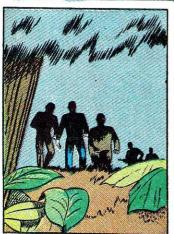


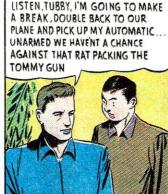














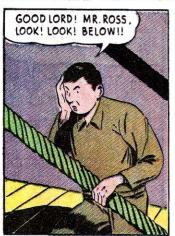






AFTER AN HOURS
WALK THE TWO
CAPTIVES ARE
BROUGHT TO THE
GATES OF AN
ANCIENT CASTLE
BUILT BY SOUTH
SEA PIRATES OF
GENERATIONS
AGO

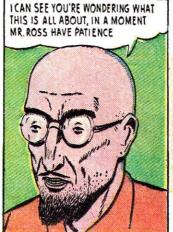
















YOU SEE MR. ROSS SOMETIME AGO
I MANAGED TO SPEED UP THE ACTION
OF THE HUMAN PITUITARY GLAND BY
A SERIES OF ELECTRICAL IMPULSES...
NUMBER SEVEN HERE IS THE RESULT.
UNFORTUNATLY SIX OTHERS BEFORE
HIM WERE UNSUCCESFUL.



THIS SPECIMAN IS PHYSICALLY PERFECT WHEN THE TIME COMES I SHALL RELEASE AN ARMY OF THESE ON THE WORLD...





















PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER ROSS, WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE THIS PLACE IS A RAGING INFERNO!





STILL . I DON'T KNOW, A RAT LIKE THAT MIGHT HAVE MORE THAN ONE WAY OF GETTING OUT OF A TRAP.



ANOTHER LANCE RAND ADVENTURE NEXT MONTH!







AS BILL AND
WALLY PONDER
THIS PRANCE
QUESTION, THE
PROFESS OR
PLACES AN ERCT
METAL ROD ON,
EACH SIDE OF
THE ROOM
CONNECTS THEM
WITH THE
ELECTRIC
FIXTURE
AND STEPS
BETWEEN THEM.



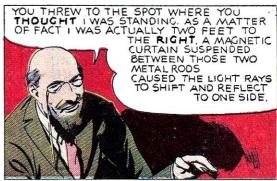














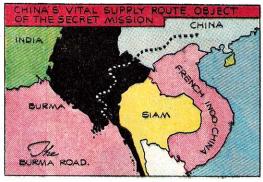














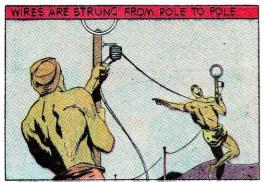
















































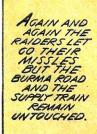




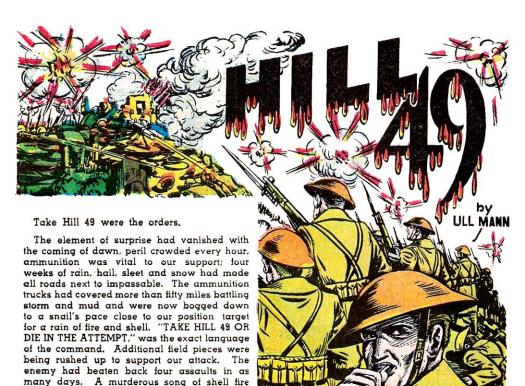












Death was looking each man in the eye, but danger was forgotten in the tension felt by everyone, when cupping ear to catch the cry as down the line came those blood curdling words, "COLD STEEL, COLD STEEL." The 3rd truck had just unloaded its cargo of shells, when the "All out" call was sounded, and in splendid form the boys swept over the top.

was sweeping through the valley over which our charge must pass. Bill Brown, driver or one of those trucks little knew, nor little cared

what hardship might be involved, his "COUN-

TRY" had need of him and he was in France.

Courage? Gosh, nol Instinct is the word. There was no choice, it was command; every man was stronger under the drive of instinct.

The advance, at first rapid, fell quickly into the slow strategy of attack. There is nothing picturesque in these charges, it's all grim business. Shell holes, mud holes, trenches, barbed wire entanglements, gulleys, ditches, barricades, some obstructive, others protective. A bullet here, a shell there, a man down, another prone on his belly as he draws a bead on an enemy sniper, a machine gun nest is flanked and captured. Slowly goes the advance but always with determination. There can be no retreat, there is no retreat, slowly they climb. The strategy is one of wave movement, two to the right, three to the left, one straight on, alternating every 2nd rush. Now Smith is out

of the line. Stephens stops a second to assist but is quickly back again. O'Brien drops to his knee and fires, a smile is on his face as he rises. On sweep the boys. Shells are bursting, bullets are flying, the trumpet's blast with the shrill note of formation call is heard above the din, then the huddle, the rush, on they go. Planes overhead, some enemy, some our own, we see, we hear, we do not think-Hell-Hell everywhere, Hell sent to drive one mad, but the boys with blind instinct calmly carry on, every man fighting to live, but none afraid to die. On they charge, every man a tower of might in his will to survive. THE COMMAND HAS PLANNED, THE BOYS PERFORM, each plays his part, none dare falter. Safety is at the top. . . .

Shell fire played havoc with the ammunition train, five trucks blown to "Kingdom Come." The skill of a driver is taxed in dodging shell holes and fire. Bill Brown, at the wheel of No. 10, tollowed straight into the jaws of Hell. Call it courage, call it valor, call it what you will, but both "instinct" and "reason" sat in the drivers' seats that day and most of those precious cargoes came safely through,

"Some persons are born great, others have greatness thrust upon them," Bill Brown's behavior that day in the eyes of his superior was vested with the calm courage of the great, anyway it won for Bill the Congressional Medal. No soldier ever consciously sought such honor, but every soldier prizes it above all things.

Bill was not unlike the million other boys who saw service at the front. He was a "draftee" and none had correctly pictured what life for them in France was to be. Modern warfare holds terror for the strongest heart; none of these had run, but all remained to fight. Bill Brown as a boy had been known as the "Bull Frog King of Michigan"; it may involve sacrilege to point humor where Congress has sought valor in its appraisal of a deed, explaining the act of a man by his boyhood weakness for frogs, we admit is a strange approach to so dramatic a thing as an episode of the war, but this happens to be a "jumpy" tale; it deals with emotion and the queer turn emotion may force.

It deals with the emotional act of a guy under fire where the mettle of men is tested by the withering, searing, scorching flare of guns and the burst of shells; where the wounded, the dying and the dead are passed over in the mad drive of assault—assault which must carry forward or add untold thousands to the fallen: it is so fantastic it sounds "phony." but it is absolutely true, though just a bit funny. They make medals to pin on boys for unusual behavior in passing through hell like this. Who shall say what kind of behavior? Well, that's our story; some gave limbs, others their lives, but most lived to tell about the wild charge to victory.

All the boys were "jumpy" that morning; the driver of truck No. 10, Bill Brown, from his own lips was never so "jumpy" in his life, but emotion had Bill Brown marked for fame. Now knowing Bill as I do, frogs immediately suggest themselves as the key to the blind impulse of our hero on that bleak November morn when the order was "FORWARD."

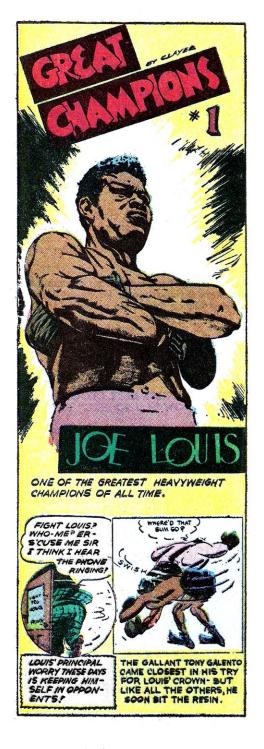
Any "kid" will tell you he is scared when things go out of control, every man that morning had the same feeling. I call it normal, yes sir, it's perfectly normal to be scared when hell breaks loose, as it did on Hill 49. What does a guy under fire think of? he just doesn't. Most fellows lose their wits and travel on instinct. Some start off remembering. It's the remembering that does funny things. Bill Brown started remembering.

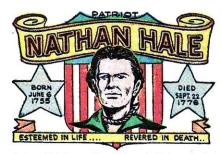
I got the history of Bill's citation as we sat shooting frogs. Remember, please, he was speaking in the cool of after years. I had to figuratively beat it out of him. Only after very rough kidding did he spill it.

As Bill told it, the slow moving ammunition trucks were inviting targets for enemy guns; five direct hits on five of the preceding trucks and the shattering explosions following upset his power of reasoning and he fell victim to instinct. Slamming on the brakes he hopped off, seeking shelter in the mud under his truck. Shortly after, the squad lieutenant rushing up, demanded, "WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE?" Bill calmly replied, "MAKING REPAIRS." — "WELL FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, CROWD IT, BEFORE THEY BLOW YOU TO HELL."

The citation read "For outstanding courage and service in excess of duty, and the cool defiance of death in making repairs to truck under withering, devastating shell fire, and the delivery of ammunition indispensible to the successful support of the final assault on Hill 49."







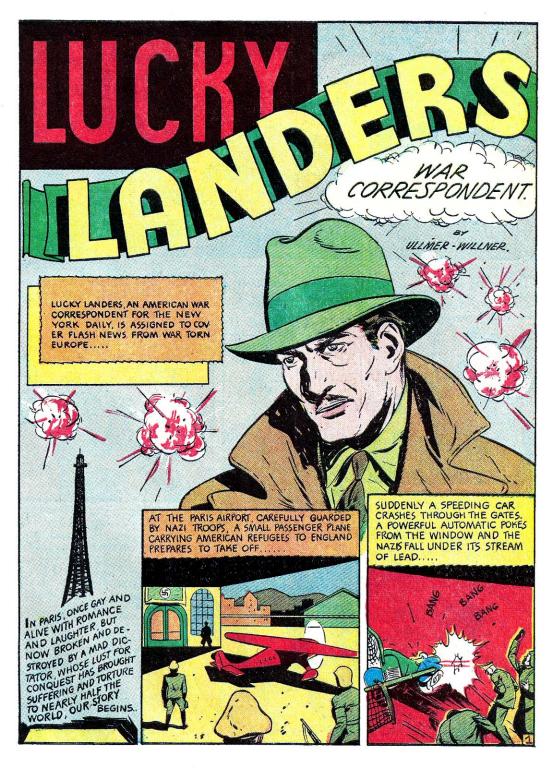
Immediately after the battle of Long Island, General Washington wanted information of the enemy (The British under General Howe), their position, their strength, and probable movements; the mission was delicate and dangerous. Captain Hale tendered his service and was shortly on his way to Brooklyn, his work was thorough and complete. After procuring the necessary data he was recognized and captured just as he was passing the British out-post on his return to Washington's headquarters. Rushed before General Howe, Hale promptly admitted his identity and rank. Howe condemned him to be executed.

In all things a Man—AMERICA'S MARTYR PATRIOT—In Age a Boy.

Born of a race of colonial intellectuals, he was endowed with rare charm of mind and person, which endeared him to all with whom he made contact. Nathan Hale as a boy, whether in play or study thrust the whole energy of his mind and soul into it; this spirit followed him in his work at Yale where he won high honors both as a student and athlete. Graduating, he taught school at New London, Coun for a short period.

He was a tireless worker performing valiant service for his country in the recruiting of men ut the most critical period of the revolution. Washington's strategic retreat to Washington Heights when vastly outnumbered both in men and equipment prompted a call for vital information requiring the service of a man of the highest intellect, culture and skill. Answering his superior who opposed his undertaking so dangerous a mission, Hale replied, "I think I owe to my Country the accomplishment of an object so important and so much desired by the commander of her armies, and I know of no other mode of obtaining the information than by assuming a disguise and passing into the enemy's camp." Thus forecasting the immortal words uttered when taunted by his executioner while he stood quietly facing the few who had gathered to see him die.

"I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my Country."



Jumping from the CAR A MAN RACES WILDLY TOWARDS THE SPEEDING PLANE...



... AND JUST AS THE WHEELS LIFT FROM THE GROUND, HE LEAPS INTO THE CABIN...



WHEW! (PUFF) (PUFF)
O.K. BUDDY KEEP THIS
PLANE MOVING! AND
NO-ONE WILL GET
HURT!!
HEY-WHAT
IS THIS?

NEVER MIND THE QUESTIONS -I'VE GOT TO GET TO LONDON AND NOW THAT I'M THIS FAR NOTHING'S GOING TO STOP



O.K., COWBOY, DROP THAT CAP PISTOL!



WELL I'LL BE.. / LUCKY LANDERS!
I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE WE CLEANED
UP THE OLD PUG HARTZ GANG BACK
IN DEAR OLD BROOKLYN!



I HAVE SOMETHING HERE THATS
MAKING THE DICTATORS TURN
GREEN WITH ENVY AND
RIGHT NOW MY LIFE ISN'T
WORTH A PLUGGED NICKEL!
HERE - TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!!



HOLY SMOKE! NO WONDER THOSE GUYS ARE AFTER YOU! WHY THIS IS A LIST OF ALL THE FIFTH COLUMNISTS AND UNDERCOVER MEN OPERATING IN THE UNITED STATES! WOW! WHAT A STORY! TEX, YOU'RE GOING TO BE



YEAH, AND WHAT D'YOU THINK!

IF I EVER GET OUT OF THIS

MESS ALIVE, I'M GOING TO

RETIRE!!

HA! HA! C'MON- BUCK UP! THAT'S NOT THE TRUE YANKEE SPIRIT!















AN HOUR LATER. WHEN LUCKENS. AWAKENS.







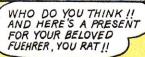




IGNITING THE STRAW-COVERED FLOOR AROARING ROOM-













SOON THE ENTIRE BUILDING ROARING INFERNO



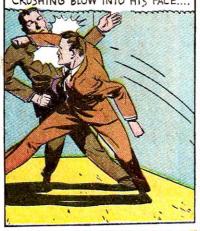


YOU AMERICANS MUST THINK I'M A FOOL! DO YOU THINK I WILL LET YOU GET YOUR HANDS ON THESE PAPERS? NEVER! NEVER! I'M GOING TO BLOW US ALL TO KINGDOM COME!





WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, LUCKY GRABS THE PAPERS FROM THE NAZI'S HAND, AND AT THE SAME TIME SENDS A CRUSHING BLOW INTO HIS FACE....



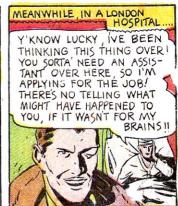












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KFOR-Historia, Niels KSKL--Demoor, Col. 8597-Ciryand Jamittam Cirk. KYAN-Chryman, Wys. With-Dates, Inc. APER-M. Word, You WACO- Mass Tea. ENDW-Assites Ten-KARC-Sun Autoria, Tax. KREW-Cherman, Den. ECHC-offenantions, fine. Elitm-Tangle, lee. KHIC-Hillers, fra EBST-Big Springs, See, BFES - Labracia Fea. ESSA-Angrish Sen ABUS-Toyon, Chin. EOPh. - Navenne, Citie WOOD-Grand Registe, Nach Windstandinger Brigade, Mide

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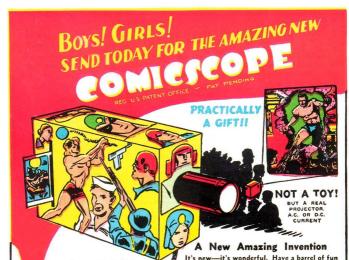
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